




# Stayin' Alive--



trollcatz

 trollcatz

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-10-25 08:37:00

MOOD:  awake

"Stayin' Alive" might be more true to its name than the Bee Gees ever could have guessed: At 103 beats per minute, the old disco song has almost the perfect rhythm to help jump-start a stopped heart. (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.cnn.com/2008/HEALTH/10/16/disco.song.health.ap/index.html>)

"Doctor: "Another One Bites the Dust" has right beat, but wrong message"

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But what if you'd rather die than owe your life to the Bee Gees?



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## Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

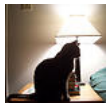
## ...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

## As a law

enforcement  
professional--

6 comments

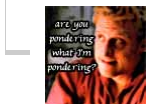


 tkanne

October 25 2008, 13:04:23 UTC

COLLAPSE

Ooh, that'd be a tragedy., wouldn't it?



 barsukthom

October 25 2008, 13:58:32 UTC

COLLAPSE


You're bad

You're bad

You're really, really bad.

You ain't no good  
You just ain't right  
You're bad



 [nebula99](#)

[October 25 2008, 14:25:42 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes, especially if you were suffering a serious Night Fever



 [twistedchick](#)

[October 25 2008, 13:40:23 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

'Footloose' is 110 beats per minute; safe to use for calibrating driving speed on concrete section highway as long as you take every other beat.

(Does concrete section highway still exist any more, or is it all asphalt now?)



 [barsukthom](#)

[October 25 2008, 20:42:30 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Quite frequent in "These Parts", where durability outweighs noise considerations.



 [kayjayoh](#)

[October 25 2008, 16:38:21 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

This is wierd but entirely true: I woke up this morning thinking about that very fact, possibly remnants of a dream I'd been having. In my foggy, barely awake state I could even hear "Stayin' Alive". I don't know if my hands were actually clasped together, but I could picture it. I must have read that factoid somewhere else in the past day or so, but it was very odd that I ended up dreaming about it.

That reminds me, it is about time for me to get recertified. I remember the first time I got certified, back in 1996, the ratio of compressions to breaths was still 15:2.

Wait a sec....mystery revealed: my alarm turns on even on the weekend, and it is set to public radio. That story must have been playing at the time and influenced my dream. Wouldn't have been the first time I've had a *Morning/Weekend Edition* story inflected dream. No wonder I could hear the song so clearly.